ITALIANS, AMERICAN STYLE.

THE MICHAEL A. SCUDI ASSOCIA-TION'S DAY OF FUN.

Beer and Baseball Good Enough for Them
One Fight, but Mr. Soudi Remarks
"Cut It Out," and It Is Cut Out

The Michael A. Scudi Association, composed of Italian citizens of New York and Brooklyn tramway picnic foregathered yesterday at College Point, L. I. The Michael A. Scudi feetivity was a stag affair. The tramway pienic wasn't. From the tramway side of the fence a young thing just lately from Canandalgua looked ever and beheld the Italians cavorting in white caps, and her eyes danced.

How charming," she said. "Hear those men singing that plaintive little song. I ose it's one of the ditties of their native

"It is," said her steady carfare, moving her nearer. They were singing:

"Sweet eyes to blue.

"And that \$\epsilon\$ are playing over there," said the Young Thing. "I suppose that is one of those peculiar Italian games." "It is," said her escort. "It is played with nine men to a side. They try to hit a ball with a bat and then run round those peculiar diamond shaped lines. It is called 'baseball' in Italian.'

'Oh!" said the Young Thing. "Then that isn't the native wine of Italy they are drinking under that apple tree?" "It is not," said her escort. "It is Harlem beer. And that game they are playing with little square bones, is craps."

It wasn't extremely Italian, this outing of the Michael A. Scudi Association. But it was a royal triumphal procession from the first toot of the French horn to the last

At 11 o'clock two brass bands wove their way through the Italian portion of Harlem heading 400 Italians decked in white caps, carrying red, white and blue canes, and ornamented with badges which bore the photograph of Michael A. Scudi. Before them marched Michael A. himself. Along the curbs, the wives and children of the grand parable and capitant grand marshals and captains and assistant grand marsans and captains and assistant sergeants-at-arms rent the air with cheers for papa. At the 112th street wharf, the good ship, Isabel was loading up with twenty-five kegs of beer and many cases of liquid joy. The fat bartender in charge rolled up his sleeves, tucked his trousers in the tops of his varietated socks, and

rolled up his sleeves, tucked his trousers in the tops of his varie ated socks, and prepared for action.

"I make-a nine dollahs out o' tips las' year, he said. "This year I make-a eleven. You becha. Hey, Joe, remember da boy!" For the Michael A. Scudi Association was charging the bar.

The band which represents the pomp and pageantry of Harlem's Royal Italian Carbiniers tooted a mighty toot. Three games of craps and one wheel of fortune wheeled into action. The cop clubbed back 400 boys who were trying to stow away, and the annual triumph of Michael A. Scudi was on. cudi was on.

From Harlem to Long Island was one From Harlem to Long Island was one paradise of popular tunes, stag dances, root and hop beer, craps, conversation and song. All Italy was represented, from the ancient and honorable padrones who scorn English and still wear rings in their ears, to the youths in mauve and white neckties who speak the Bowery dialect and have opinions on Jim Jeffries's knee. While at the fashionable hour of 12:30 the association had breakfast in the dining payilion, the fat waiter prepared the pavilion, the fat waiter prepared the greased pig with pounds and pounds of lad. Catching that pig was the first number on the afternoon's sport programme.

Eight young Italians were out for the pig.
Tony Bracchi was the most zealous of all.

Last year Tony won the pressed pig and

Last year Tony won the greased pig and dost him overboard on the way home. This bout was to wipe out the past. Tony is an expert on greased pigs; so while the rest put on suits of overalls he stripped to the underelothes and rubbed dirt on his hands and feet.

and feet.

The Michael J. Scudi Association gathered in one great circle. The chairman of the games committee held the contestants in leash while the fat waiter brought out his pig. The animal was dumped on the ground. He cast a look around and fell to rooting in the clover. The waiter prodded him. The pig backed The waiter prodded him. The pig backed up against the stick. The waiter beat him. The rig squealed and kicked out his hind leg, but continued to root.

A greased pig that won't run is a failure.

butcher had done the Michael Scudi Association.
"Put pepper on his nose!" "Slit his ear!"

"Poke him up!" yelled the crowd in Italian and English and Italo-English. Fifty disciples of Scudi beat the pig with canes, and fifty unoccupied hands made frantic ges-

and English and Italo-English. Flifty disciples of Scudi beat the pig with canes, and fifty unoccupied hands made frantic gestures. The pig continued to root. At last, moved by fifty canes shoving together, the pig took one step. In that instant the vigilance of the games committeeman relaxed. The eight contestants burst the leash and dived upon the pig.

The mix-up was like a football game phus Italian ejaculations. Suddenly, as a half back comes out of a scrimmage, Tony, with his underclothes all bare, came out of the pile and streaked across the clover carrying a squealing and frightened pig. He laid the pork down in a swamp and sat on him while the games committeemen argued over the case.

The pig was finally awarded to Tony, partly because he got his thumb bitten, partly because he certainly did hold the pig, and partly because he lost his prize the year before.

The beer was flowing by the bucketful, and happiness reigned. The supply ran low, but Scudi, with a wad of bills that would choke a cow, rolled fresh kegs into the breach. He was everywhere, and he settled everything. If the umpire made a phony decision, it was appealed to Scudi, and his decision went, umpire or no umpire. Did a bartender overcharge, Scudi quelled him. The only fight of the afternoon was squelched by Scudi. An Italian, in a moment of careless merriment, presented a tiger lily to a girl attached to the Tramway picnic. They thereupon scrapped, the Italian and her escort. Scudi happened along.

"Here, cut that out!" said Scudi.

The ladish said several things at once in his native tongue.

"It don't make no diffeernce, cut it out!" said Scudi.

It was cut out.

"It don't make no difference, cut it out!" said Scudi.

It was cut out.

The band, and the master of ceremonies moved to the race course. The first honorary vice-president brought out three gold medals offered by the association for the foot races. Forty-six young men entered the half mile run at once. It had to be brought off in nine heats. The afhletic strength of Italy doesn't lie in their running. The contestants streaked out at a hundred yard pace, and the winner left behind him a trail of collapsed contestants lying on their backs along the track. In the third heat, the winner, seeing that all the rest were dead and out of it, walked home to the tape.

But when it came to the finals, there was trouble. The winner of the eighth heat refused to run when he learned that the prize was a medal.

"I win a medal las' year," he said, "an' I could only soak heem for seventy-five cent. What you t'ink I am? A horse?" He was cut out. The final was won by a man who sneaked in at the second lap. He was discovered and the race was run over again. And still most of the contestants lived until dinner-time, although Michael A. Soud had to be called in to revive one of them.

The beer, wonderful to relate, lasted

The beer, wonderful to relate, lasted until dinner time. A member who hung pretty close to the keg explained that they were holding back because they were acting like gentlemen so as to be a credit to Mr. Scudi.

to Mr. Scudi.

"I no getta drunk," he explained.

"Spose some fresh guy he talka smart
to me, maybe I jes' raise hell."

As the old chronicles relate, dinner closed
a happy day. Mr. Scudi made a speech.
There was beer, craps and joy all the way
home, and at the 112th street pier all Italy
with another band and many fireworks
was there to see the third procession of
the day.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Police Commissioner McAdoo and his Third Deputy, Mr. Lindeley, are great chums. They frequently go to amusement chums. They frequently go to amusement places together, and recently they have been rounding up the roof gardens. The Commissioner has shown a great deal of interest in examining roof garden exits. On the newest roof garden in town, which is also the highest, he had the manager show him all the ways of getting to the street in case of fire. He has since expressed himself as satisfied that the managers of the roof gardens have taken every precaution roof gardens have taken every precaution for the eafety of their patrons.

A negro undertaker is about to open i new establishment in the heart of the Tenderloin, where thousands of his race live. The front of his shop is painted black and the interior, including the walls and floor, is of the same color. Said the undertaker in his own defence:

"That color represents my business and the people I bury."

A tall man appears at the box office of the Victoria roof garden every night at the same hour. He buys an admission the same hour. He buys an admission ticket and gets to the roof about the time that Paul Spadoni, the cannon ball juggler, appears to do his turn. Spadoni juggles forty pound cannon balls. He ends up his turn by catching twenty of the balls on the back of his neck as fast as an assistant can throw them at him. The feat is a dangerous one and the tail man visits the roof garden especially to see it. the roof garden especially to see it.
"I want to be on hand," said he, "when
that juggler makes a mistake of half an
inch and one of those balls lands on his
head instead of the back of his neck."

On the Fulton street side of St. Paul's chapel is a large window made up of small squares of stained glass. The fact that of one of the small panes is broken led to these remarks from the observant citizen: "To my certain knowledge that window was broken four years ago. Why it has "To my certain knowledge that window was broken four years ago. Why it has never been fixed I don't know. Every spring Trinity Corporation, which owns St. Paul's chapel, spends a lot of money in fixing up the grounds, planting flowers, painting the church roof, putting up new drain pipes and the like; but they never mend that window.

"Each autumn still more fixing up is done, but all through the winter that hole in the window remains. I've heard scores of people wonder why an organization so wealthy as Trinity Corporation should-leave a window broken so long without repairing it. It worries me."

Hundreds of persons hurrying across City Hall Park one hot evening this week stopped for a few minutes at the fountain on the sidewalk at Mail street to watch on the sidewalk at Mail street to waten a sorrel horse with a white starred face and white socks cooling himself off, elephant fashion. The sorrel was one of a pair, sweaty and fagged, hitched to a heavy express wagon. He plunged his velvety nose into the cool water, burying his handsome head to the ears, and then jerked his head upward and backward, throwing the refreshing drops on his own back and his teammate's.

his teammate's.

"Dan," his proud driver said his name was.
He kept it up for five minutes until both horses looked as if they had been in swimming. And Dan took as much delight in the trick as the crowd did in watching him. When his driver reined up the team the crowd applauded, and Dan trotted away with his head held high.

"Horses are not fools when they are treated right," said a man in the crowd, "but that's the first I ever saw that knew enough to do a stunt like that. It's common enough among elephants, but unusual among horses." his teammate's.

There is a new restaurant in upper Broad way which so far has not had many patrons. At night the place is almost deserted. The proprietor is a young man and he does his best to make Broadway pedestrians think he is doing a thriving business. He sits with his back to Broadway and sips coffee most of the early evening. In order that passers by may not suspect that the same man is continually at the same table he changes his coat frequently. Inside of half an hour in one night recently he changed

J. W. Cox, who bet \$10,000 in London the other day with ex-Mayor Van Wyck, John F. Carroll and J. M. Shaw that Grover Cleveland would not be elected if nominated, and \$4,000 to \$400 with Mr. Van Wyck that the ex-President would not be the choice devoted to William J. Bryan as is Dr. John H. Girdner of this city. Mr. Cox is a rich man who has never swerved in his allegiance to the Nebraskan. He lives in the Twentyfifth Assembly district and can usually be found about the Hoffman House when the political pot is boiling. He wagered a big sum of money on Coler when the Comptroller ran for Governor in 1902.

"I see you are a rifle shot," remarked Philosopher Simeon Ford to a man who after a good deal of sparring for place at last sat down on a seat in the hotel corridor by the side of New York's landlord orator. "How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Ford's companion.

"Oh, easy enough. You are deaf in your left ear. All rifle shots are deaf in their left ears. All the Creedmoor experts are that way. I am deaf in my left ear myself and I got it shooting rifles. I met Gildersleeve once and I was backing and filling and dodging to get a position where my right ear would bear on him, and he was manœuvring at the same time for an opening where he could rake me with his right ear. Then Gildersleeve said to me, as I have just said to you, that he observed I was a rifle shot. It was the first time I had heard that all rifle shots were deaf in their left ears, but I have noticed it ever since and know that it is true.

"The reason of it is that all the concussion of the rifle explosion comes on the left ear drum. The right ear is partly turned away and partly protected by the gunstock being brought up to the cheek when the gun is fired." their left ears. All the Creedmoor experts

Gottfried Westernacher, Deputy Commissioner of Bridges for Brooklyn in the last city administration, was by no means a lightweight. About 420 pounds was his figure. When he found he had to visit ngure. When he found he had to visit the City Hall almost daily, he chose a nearby barber shop for shaving. Westernacher is a generous Teuton and a quarter tipper, so the barber made two chairs into one. Now the Deputy Bridge Commissioner for Brooklyn is out and the barber doesn't know what to do with the chair.

Hundreds of pigeons swarm about the Grand Central Station, and their favorite feeding ground is right in the midst of all the turmoil, at the corner where the electric car tunnels debouch into Forty-second street. The cab drivers at the stand in front of the hotel there supply the food,

front of the hotel there supply the food, scattering the oats for their horses broadcast on the Belgian block pavement that the pigeons may come and eat. The ground there yesterday was iridescent with the plumage of a dense flock of the birds.

"They are sassy little beggars," said a cabman, as he removed his pipe, leaning comfortably against a wheel of his hansom.

"They will hardly get out of your way if you walk through them, and the chances they'll take with horses' feet will make your hair stand. Lots of them get trampled on and killed and many more have their wings and legs broken."

One of the large department stores has made it a custom for years to open a cottage at one of the seaside resorts in the summer for the store girls. This year it is at Long Branch. Each Saturday sixty girls from the store go down to the cottage to spend a week, and are replaced by sixty others on the following Saturday. In this way every girl in the firm's employ gets a chance to enjoy a week at the seashore at the store's expense. The cottage contains forty rooms, and is so well appointed that in many respects it is superior to some hotels on the ocean front. DEUTSCHLAND SANK A FISHER

CAME ON HER HEELS IN NIGHT AND FOG-CREW SAFE.

Blow That Silced Off Two-Master's Quar-ter Not Noticeable on the Liner-Ethel Barrymore Was Present-First She Heard Was & Profantly from Outboard It was ten miles east of Nantucket light-

ship, the sea was placid, yesterday was less than an hour old, and there was no wind worth recording in the log of the Hamburg-American liner Deutschland as she throbbed off 18 knets or so, which is the way the racing ships grope to Sandy Hook.

A cheerful fisherman of Gloucester was also bound west from the Banks, with forty barrels of mackerel under batches, and she was only a few liner lengths ahead

of the Deutschland. She was the Harry G. French, a mere cockleshell of a two-master, less than 80 feet long, whose topmasts hardly rose above the main deck of the German giantess. The lookouts on the liner were doubled and were vigilant, but they could not see so small a thing as a 100-ton smack in a heavy sea through a fog about as thick as any that ever have veiled sudden death off

Capt. Rufus McKay of the French had his foghern going, according to regulations, but who can hear the foghorn of a little fisherman when the wind is in the wrong direction and the engines of a big ship are murmurous? The skipper might have whistled the national anthem with almost as much hope of warding off the impending prow of the great racer.

The lookouts saw the smack when she was less than the Deutschland's length away. She was sailing indolently on the same course as the liner. Capt. Kaempff, a gallant and careful navigator, was on the bridge, as he always is when fog is thick, and he signalled to the engine room, "Stop and full speed astern."

But the way of the ship could not be overcome in an instant; and although her screws were going astern she hit the smack on the starboard quarter carving off enough of her to let in a great flood. Capt. McKay and his sixteen hardy

Capt. McKay and his sixteen hardy fishermen launched a dory in a hurry and got away from the Harry G. French before she had a chance to fill. Meanwhile, the liner had begun to make sternway, and in a few seconds she made it so fast that she created an enormous suction ahead, and the disabled smack was drawn into the tumbling waters and sent spinning like a whirligig, and that was the last seen of her. Capt. Kaempff had been swift. A lifeboat was swung out on the davits and was ready to lower before the liner had been stopped. The shock of the collision was not perceptible to passengers who had gone to bed, and it was only the reversal of the engines that made those who hadn't guess that something had happened. It was one of the quietest sea knockouts on record.

guess that something had happened. It was one of the quietest sea knockouts on record.

Not even the skipper of the smack swore until Ethel Barrymore, who was a passenger, got back on deck. She had been out promenading with her uncle Jack, as she calls John Drew, and had started for her stateroom when she heard a voice—it was the skipper's—come up hoarsely out of the depths of the fog on the port side.

"Why in hell don't you throw us a line?"
She became interested and peered over the side. Then the men who had swung out the lifeboat stopped a bit, and a line was hurled over to the fishermen. Capt. Kaempf asked:

"Are all of you there?" and the skipper responded, "Ayel Aye!" A sea ladder was lowered and the unhurt fishermen clambered aboard. Naturally they had not had time to comb their hair and put on their best clothes, and Capt. Kaempf thought it a proper thing to start a subscription for them after the ship's company had had breakfast. Miss Barrymore thought the rescue might make a fine scene for a new play that she is going to appear in next season. She says she knows something of this play, but that Charles Frohman wont let her say anything about it.

The skipper did not care about saving his dory, and as the Deutschland did not want it it was set adrift. The subscription, which helped to take the fishermen back to Gloucester, was \$200. Capt. Kaempff apologized to Capt. McKay, who asked him not to mention it. But it doubtless will be mentioned in a little bill that will be submitted to the Hamburg-American line by the Yankee skipper and the other owner of the fisherman, John Chisholm of Gloucester.

FINE NEW HEBREW CLUBHOUSE. The Criterion, Built and Equipped Regardless of Cost, Opens Its Doors.

The new home of the Criterion Club, 683 Fifth avenue, was opened for the inspection of members last night. The formal opening will be held a fortnight hence. Meantime the club will continue to use its first and old home on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-

The Criterion was organized ten years ago by a number of wealthy young Hebrews, and its career has been one of prosperity. It is strictly a man's social club. and solely for Hebrews. Every one of its 200 members is well to do. Most of them are Wall Street brokers. When the old clubhouse became too small for the comfort of the members the ground on which the new home stands was bought. The new building has an avenue frontage of thirty feet and is 125 feet deep. It is six stories high.

The clubhouse is not nearly as large as many others, but there is no finer appointed club in town. Money has been spent on it without stint. Every room

pointed club in town. Money has been spent on it without stint. Every room represents a different period.

The front of the ground floor is taken up by the office. The rear part of this floor will be used by the kitchen help. An elevator carries members to the lounging room on the second floor. The elevator opens into a foyer. The lounging room of faces Fifth avenue. This room is done in the style of Louis XVI. The woodwork is Santo Domingo mahogany, and the furniture and the draperies are green. The electric lights are welled.

In the centre of the building, adjoining the foyer, on this floor, is the cafe. In the rear is the dining room. This room is 52 feet long by 30 feet wide, and it will seat 200 persons. It is in the old Flemish style, with everything to match.

On the floor above is the library, done in the early Colonial period. There are several private dining rooms on this floor, in which members may give private dinner parties. In the rear is an immense card room, where everything can be played but poker.

Poker is not barred, and on the floor above several rooms will be devoted to that game. On the same floor are the billiard rooms. On the fifth floor are sleeping rooms for members, with electric and shower baths, and a gymnasium. On the top floor are the steward's quarters.

The members had nothing but praise for their new home last night. Jesse Wassermann is the President. The other officers are: Vice-president, Alfred J. Seligman; treasurer, Myer A. Bernheimer; secretary, Henry S. Sternborger. The governore are Jesse Lewisohn, Samuel M. Goldsmith, Herman Ramitzer and Alfred M. Leopold.

Little Ride Stealers Bagged.

Twelve boys, from 9 to 13 years of age, ere arrested by plain clothes men from the Oak street police station last night for stealing rides on Third and Second avenue trolley cars passing through Park

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